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# Soulmates



51 5 4

## Chapter 1 by Florenceia

I fingered the pendant given to me at birth. The cool stone it was carved out of glimmered in my hand. This small pendant was the symbol of love. Only one other pendant was like this one. In the entire world the only other person who shared the style of pendant was my soul mate. Some people found them easily, others not so much. A person could travel across oceans and never find their soulmate.

As I stepped off the train my pendant began to heat up burning my hand at its touch. They must be close! I raced through the station, my luggage banging against my knee. My pendant lead the way.

"Come on," I whispered through clenched teeth. I was so close. Nothing. It began to cool down. No matter what I was going to find them. Find my soulmate.

## Chapter 2 by Florenceia



### \*The MC soulmate is transgender\*

I ran through the crowd shoving people aside, much to their dismay. My pendant started to glow again. My feet thundered pounding on the stone floor like the feet of the hundreds of people around me. We all had someone that was our perfect other half. I was so close. So close to happiness.

I rounded the corner and nearly ran into a small person in a trench coat.

They were fingering a rose colored pendant that was glowing bright red. They were frantically weaving through people when they stopped dead, right in front of me. Their hazel eyes fell onto

my pendant. Their mouth fell slightly open and their eyes grew large. I took a step towards them and unclasped my pendant. They came together and they seemed to melt into each other and separate. I found my perfect other half.

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Chapter 3 by obligator



doubt and fear ran through me. would i meet all the expectations this person in a trench coat developed over the years? am i too tall, too short... too funny, too stale... is my hair the right color, the right style...

would we be able to keep it together through the years? does he have a history, a past? what kind of skeletons are going to come out from this person? what if we disagree about children? will we be able to get along? will we even enjoy each others company?

what if its a scam. a trick. a trap! no one knows how these pendants work. sure there are some ideas: rapid DNA matching, long term personality recording and comparing. heck! even the alien breeding program ranked just a notch above voodoo and the most popular theory involving "vibrations", what ever that means. i never really bought into the whole channeling energy thing.

perhaps the scariest aspect is that the stones them selves seemed mercurial at times. all of which could be summed up in 2 words; plausible deniability. always having a explanation after the facts. never before. always justifying every success and for every failure... placation in the form of an excuse.

what do i say? how do i act? suddenly this incredible blessing feels more like a burden.

#### Chapter 4 by Rose Mellark



"What's your name?" He said and I stopped from my tracks. I opened my mouth but a squeak came out of it. I clasp a hand in my mouth and blushed that he noticed it. "I'm...Irene. How about you?" I asked stammering.

He smiled. "You're name suits you. It means peace. I'm Conner," He said and I blushed. His smiles makes me warm and calm.

That's when I got to take a good look to him. His green eyes is like a forest and freckles adorned his nose and cheeks. His cheeks were defined and a jaw to pair. And a messy locks of brown hair

that I'm itching to touch it.

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"Huh?" I asked him. "I know you want to touch it." And I did. Oh my gosh. His hair is so soft like a pillow. Silky and smooth. "I love your hair," I murmured. Which he heard.

and laughed.

"Thank you, amour."

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